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THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S GRAND PIANO.

VOL. XLVI.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S GRAND PIANO.

"Every reader," according to Goldsmith, "however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter." Not vouching for the perfect accuracy of the remark, it cannot be denied that persons in common life are often not a little curious to see the "appliances and means" of royalty; and we, therefore, give a representation of the grand piano made in this country for the young queen of Spain, by the Messrs. Collard, of Cheapside.

The instrument in question embraces seven octaves, extending from A to A; thus differing from grand pianos in general, which are commonly confined to six octaves and a half, or from C to F.

The case is made of beautiful mottled oak, the sides being divided into pannels, richly ornamented with gilt carvings. The plinth is entirely formed of gilt carving, in the style of Louis Quatorze: it is supported on three elegant and massive trusses, boldly carved and decorated, with gilding to correspond with the other ornaments. The lyre used for the pedal action is finely formed. On opening the piano, a desk and candle-stands fix attention, from the fancy displayed in the fretwork, and from their being so admirably in keeping with the various tasteful designs presented to the eye.

It might have been hoped that the royal personage for whom this superb instrument was prepared, enamoured of sweet sounds, would have had her heart in early life attuned to gentleness. Of this we have seen little proof as yet, and the course of her education and amusements can hardly tend greatly to refine her thoughts. Within the last few days, the Spanish papers received, have brought accounts of the youthful queen assisting at a bull-fight! Yes; the majesty of Spain—a young female—is described to have been present at one of these scenes—to have gazed on horses being gored and forced again to advance against their infuriated enemy, trampling on their own entrails—while miserable men called matadors and picadors risked their wretched lives in the same brutal and ignominious exercises, rousing the bull to fury by cruelly goading him, and exploding fireworks on his body.

Among the other spectacles prepared for the queen of Spain, on a recent occasion, a living goose was suspended by its legs between two ships, and men were to jump at it from boats, to wring off its head. To torture animals, and to endanger human life in cruel sports, Spaniards consider fit spectacles for their sovereign. If the object were to harden the heart, and render it inaccessible to the appeals of

distress, a better course of training could hardly be pursued. Many a man, according to Dr. Johnson, has been murdered in effigy in the fly, or the bird tormented by a boy, with the approbation of his thoughtless parents. Many a Spaniard has probably suffered in effigy, in the horrors on which Isabella has been already taught to look with complacency and approbation. Happy will it be for Spain if she returns from these to the more graceful study of the piano.

NELSON AND HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The philanthropist and the christian cannot turn to scenes of carnage without horror, however glorious they may be accounted by statesmen and warriors; but the mass of mankind go with the latter, and often as the tale of Wellington's fights, or of Nelson's victories, has been gone over, the attendant circumstances are still, from time to time, fondly recalled.

The despatches and letters of Nelson, of which vol. III. has appeared, remind those they cannot inform, of many curious facts in the life of that renowned admiral. His triumphs of the Nile and Trafalgar are here rehearsed, and it is interesting to read how the boy, whose early history appeared some months ago in *THE MIRROR*, deported himself and was viewed, in connection with those great events. Who, that saw him when he first went on board ship—a diffident, delicate child, sitting unnoticed through a whole day—would have dreamed that he was, in the sequel, successfully to direct the thunders of war, receive the congratulations of those most exalted in rank, and finally fill the world with his fame?

The battle of the Nile was, from the circumstances of the moment, apart from its splendour as a naval exploit, of vast importance to the country. How warmly was the hero congratulated! Thus wrote the countess Spencer:—

"Joy, joy, joy to you, brave, gallant, immortalised Nelson! May that great God, whose cause you so valiantly support, protect and bless you to the end of your brilliant career! Such a race surely never was run. My heart is absolutely bursting with different sensations of joy, of gratitude, of pride, of every emotion that ever warmed the bosom of a British woman, on hearing of her country's glory—and all produced by you, my dear, my good friend. And what shall I say to you for your attention to me, in your behaviour to Captain Capel? All, all I can say, must fall short of my wishes, of my sentiments about you. This moment the guns are firing, illuminations are preparing, your

gallant name is echoed from street to street, and every Briton feels his obligations to you weighing him down. But if these strangers feel in this manner about you, who can express what we of this house feel about you? What incalculable service have you been to my dear lord Spencer! How gratefully, as first lord of the admiralty, does he place on your brow these laurels so gloriously won. In a public, in a private view, what does he not feel at this illustrious achievement of yours, my dear Sir Horatio, and your gallant squadron's! What a fair and splendid page have you and your heroic companions added to the records of his administration of the navy! And, as wife of this excellent man, what do I not feel for you all, as executors of his schemes and plans! But I am come to the end of my paper, luckily for you, or I should gallop on for ever at this rate. I am half-mad, and I fear I have written a strange letter, but you'll excuse it. Almighty God protect you! Adieu! How anxious we shall be to hear of your health! Lady Nelson has had an express sent to her."

Lady Parker, the wife of his old patron, addresses him:—

"My dear and immortal Nelson!—I am very sure that you will know what I feel upon your unparalleled victory. Captain Cockburn will tell you that I am not yet come to my senses. . . . All Europe has cause to bless the day that you were born."

Lord Hood, a rival commander:—
"Your victory is the most complete and splendid history records."

Lord Howe, pre-eminent till Nelson's day, told Capt. Berry that "it stood unparalleled; and singular in this instance that every captain distinguished himself."

Admiral Goodal thus addressed him:—

"With what pleasure, my dear Nelson, do I congratulate you on your glorious victory! I know not where to place the preference in my praises—whether to the boldness of the attempt, or the skill with which it was conducted, unrivalled in our annals. I have often been obliged to stand in the breach against the senseless criticisms of the noble and ignoble of this country; you know them well—governed by the tide of sure and immediate success. Knowing my attachment to you, how often have I been questioned, 'What is your favourite hero about? The French fleet has passed under his nose,' &c., &c. To which I have ever answered, 'I know him well; if fortune has not befriended his labours and anxieties in this event, yet something capital will be done. I know him, and most of his gallant companions who are to support him in the day of battle. You will not hear from him till he has thundered in the storm, and di-

rected the whirlwind that will overwhelm the enemy.' My presages have been happily confirmed."

"I cannot express," Collingwood wrote, "how great my joy is for the complete and glorious victory you have obtained over the French—the most decisive, and, in its consequences, perhaps, the most important to Europe that was ever won."

From a collection of letters published thirty years ago, we copy one, not generally known, relating to the battle of the Nile. The reader will note with interest the anxiety of the admiral, writing to Sir William Hamilton a week after the engagement, to guard against any partial account of it reaching England before his despatches:—

"My dear sir,—Almighty God has made me the happy instrument in destroying the enemy's fleet, which, I hope, will be a blessing to Europe. You will have the goodness to communicate this happy event to all the courts in Italy; for my head is so indifferent, that I can scarcely scrawl this letter. Captain Capel, who is charged with my despatches for England, will give you every information. Pray put him in the quickest mode of getting home. You will not send, by post, any particulars of this action, as I should be sorry to have any accounts get home before my despatches. I hope there will be no difficulty in our getting refitted at Naples. Culloden must be instantly hove down, and Vanguard all new masts and bowsprit. Not more than four or five sail of the line will probably come to Naples; the rest will go with the prizes to Gibraltar. As this army never will return, I hope to hear the emperor has regained the whole of Italy."

"With every good wish, believe me, dear sir, your most obliged and affectionate
"HORATIO NELSON."

The history of the coffin presented to Nelson by Capt. Hallowell, heretofore imperfectly told, is corrected by Sir Harris Nicolas. Of the gallant captain he says—

"So careful was he that nothing whatever should be used in its construction that was not taken from it, that the staples were formed of the spikes drawn from the cheeks of the mast, which were driven into the edge of the coffin, and when the lid was put on, toggles were put into the staples to keep it down, so as to prevent the necessity of using nails or screws for that purpose. The nails in the coffin were likewise made from the spikes taken from the mast. A paper was pasted on the bottom, containing the following certificate:—'I do hereby certify that every part of this coffin is made of the wood and iron of *L'Orient*, most of which was picked up by his majesty's ship, under my command, in

the Bay of Aboukir. Swithsure, May 23, 1799.—BEN. HALLOWELL.' This singular present was accompanied by the following letter, which is taken from the *original*, in the Nelson papers; a fact it is necessary to state, because Charnock and Harrison, not contented with destroying its simplicity, altered the address to 'Sir,' and changed the date to 'August, 1798,' to make it appear that the coffin was sent immediately after the battle of the Nile. Though printed correctly by Clarke and M'Arthur, Southey followed the copy given by Charnock and Harrison. It is greatly to be regretted that Nelson's reply has not been found:—

" 'The right hon. lord Nelson, K.B.

" 'My lord,—Herewith I send you a coffin, made of part of *L'Orient's* main mast, that when you are tired of this life you may be buried in one of your own trophies—but may that period be far distant, is the sincere wish of your obedient and much obliged servant,

" 'BEN. HALLOWELL.

" 'Swithsure, May 23rd, 1799.'

" The astonishment that prevailed among the crew of the *Vanguard*, lord Nelson's flag-ship, when they were convinced it was a coffin which had been brought on board, will be long remembered by their officers. 'We shall have hot work of it, indeed,' said one of the scamen; 'you see the admiral intends to fight till he is killed, and there he is to be buried.' Lord Nelson highly appreciated the present, and for some time had it placed upright, with the lid on, against the bulk-head of his cabin, behind the chair on which he sat to dinner. At length, by the entreaties of an old servant, he was prevailed on to allow it to be carried below. When his lordship left the *Vanguard*, the coffin was removed into the *Foudroyant*, where it remained, for many days, on the gratings of the quarter-deck. While his officers were one day looking at it, he came out of the cabin: 'You may look at it, gentlemen,' said he, 'as long as you please: but, depend on it, none of you shall have it.' It is satisfactory to state that Nelson was actually buried in this coffin."

LONDON IN THE TIME OF LORD CHATHAM.

The following very curious description of the state of the metropolis, in 1767, when the great lord Chatham was minister, as told by Horace Walpole, in the last volume of the "*Reign of George III.*" will be read with surprise:—

" A dispute having arisen between the coalworkers and the coalheavers, the latter of whom were chiefly Irish—nay, some of them Whiteboys—an act of parliament

had passed the last year, subjecting the coalheavers to the jurisdiction of the aldermen of the ward; an office had been erected, and one Green, who kept an ale-house, had been constituted their agent. Houston, a man who wanted to supplant Green, had incensed the coalheavers against him, and they threatened his destruction. Apprised of their design, he every night removed his wife and children out of his house. One evening he received notice that the coalheavers were going to attack him. He had nobody with him but a maid-servant and a sailor, who, by accident, was drinking in the house. Green asked the sailor if he would assist him. 'Yes,' answered the generous tar, 'I will defend any man in distress.' At eight the rioters appeared, and fired on the house, lodging in one room above two hundred bullets; and when their ammunition was spent, they bought pewter pots, cut them to pieces, and fired them as ball. At length, with an axe, they broke out the bottom of the door; but that breach the sailor defended singly; while Green and his maid kept up a constant fire, and killed eighteen of the besiegers. Their powder and ball being at last wasted, Green said he must make his escape: 'for you,' said he to the friendly sailor, 'they will not hurt you.' Green, retiring from the back room of his house, got into a carpenter's yard, and was concealed in a sawpit, over which the mob passed in their pursuit of him, being told he was gone forwards. I should scarce have ventured this narrative, had not all the circumstances been proved in a court of justice. Yet how many reflections must the whole story create in minds not conversant in a vast capital—free, ungoverned, unpoliced, and indifferent to everything but its pleasures and factions! Who will believe that such a scene of outrage could happen in the residence of government?—that the siege lasted nine hours, and that no guards were sent to the relief of the besieged till five in the morning? Who will believe that while such anarchy reigned at one end of the metropolis, it made such little impression at the court end that it was scarce mentioned? Though in London myself, all I heard was, that a man had been attacked in his house, and had killed three of the rioters. Nor were the circumstances attended to, till the trial of Green for murder, of which he was honourably acquitted, divulged his, his maid's, and the sailor's heroism. Yet did not the fury of the colliers cease, though seven of them were taken and executed. Green was forced to conceal himself from their rage, but his sister giving a supper to her friends for joy of her brother's safety, her house was attacked by those assassins, their faces covered with black crape, who tore her into

the street, and murdered her. Yet, perhaps, of all the circumstances of this tragedy, not one was so singular from the display of so great a mind as the indifference of the sailor, who never owned himself, never claimed honour or recompense for his generous gallantry. As brave as the Cæsar of fabulous Rome, his virtue was satisfied with defending a man oppressed; and he knew not that an Alexander deserved less fame than he, who seemed not to think that he deserved any."

MR. HARE ON SPINAL DEFORMITY.*

Anything more startling, and at the same time more gratifying, can hardly be conceived than the descriptions given by Mr. Hare, of certain cases which he has successfully treated. It would really seem that some of the most distressing visitations that can be imagined, and which, from the age of the sufferers, it would have been supposed could not have been taken up with any prospect of seriously abating the calamity, have been so happily dealt with, that the result must almost be viewed as a miracle. The following will be read with astonishment:—

"Oct. 22, 1844.—Mr. J. T. E., aged twenty-nine years, a graduate of one of the universities, and residing in the county of York, came under treatment this day. He had always been weakly and subject to great lassitude during the whole of childhood and the period of his growth. When thirteen, he fell from a high tree, and was caught, on his right shoulder, by one of the large branches; from this time he suffered much pain in his back and shoulders, especially after exercise, and became crooked in person; in the course of a year his deformity increased very considerably, and has continued to do so to the present time; his stature is much diminished, having lost four inches in height since the year 1832. For several years he has had a rattling or knapping sound of the ribs against each other, and this has been so loud as to be heard by one walking with him. He has considered himself asthmatic, owing to his difficulty in breathing, and has been very subject to coughs, colds, and bronchial affections during the winter season, especially for two or three years past; he is much affected in going up stairs, ascending a hill, or using any extra exertion; he has also suffered considerably from nervous feelings. On examining his back, there is an enormous projection, which is formed by

a twisting of the spine backwards and outwards towards the right, the whole of the ribs of that side being curved at so extreme an angle, as to form a ridge or line of such an extent that the upper part of it is seen above the right shoulder, by a person standing or sitting in front of him. This deformity has doubtless been increased by a habit he has long indulged in with a view to relieve himself—viz., sitting in an arm-chair, with his right leg over one arm of it, and with his left side resting against the other. His neck is so very short and distorted, that it can scarcely be seen at all. After his daily engagements he is accustomed to lie down on the floor; but such is the size of the projection or hunch, that he cannot do this without having two large pillows, or books to the height of at least six inches, arranged so as to support his head. There is so great an excuvation of the ribs of the right side, that the arm rests completely upon them; while, in the left, there is such an incurvation, that the arm is fully two inches from them, the integuments here being much wrinkled. The left hip projects two inches and a half more than the right, and there is a general prominence of the chest and abdomen to the right side. Jan. 22, 1845.—He has now been three months under treatment, and has been most attentive to every direction given to him. During this period, besides attention being paid to the state of his health, and to the condition, in particular, of his digestive organs, gentle extension, sometimes in the dorsal, and at other times in the prone recumbent position, has been had recourse to, and pressure applied by compresses in such a direction, as to restore the spine towards the perpendicular line. The change which has taken place both in his health and personal appearance is exceedingly satisfactory. The projection of his spine, and parts adjacent, is already much improved. When I first requested him to lie upon the projecting parts, he could not do it—that is, he could not steady himself upon it; now he has no difficulty in doing so; he can lie upon it nearly with the same ease he can upon the more flat part of his back; indeed, he feels more comfortable on the plane than in a bed; and when he sits up, can do so with his head erect, which he was not able to do before. The hunch, or projecting part, is so much less that it can scarcely be seen by a person standing before him. His hat, which used to rest upon this part, is now nearly two inches from it, and his coat is quite too large for him, wrapping over the projecting part very considerably. His shoulders are much lower and more elastic; he can throw the right one further back, and uses it with considerably more free-

* On Spinal Deformity, by S. Hare, M.R.C.S.—Churchill, Princes-street, Soho.

dom; the left hip projects less, and the incurvation in the side is much diminished. The projection of the ribs on the right side is much less painful, and the knapping of the ribs as he walks is entirely gone. As regards his health, he relishes his food more than he almost ever recollects, and the state of his secretions is much improved. His spirits have been much more buoyant and cheerful, inasmuch as his improved feelings arise, as he expresses it, from a decidedly better state of health, not having felt himself so well and comfortable for many years past; and his low, nervous feelings rarely trouble him. His chest has increased twelve cubic inches in capacity; and in height he has increased rather more than one inch; his complexion is much clearer, and he is likewise stouter than before. In a letter, received from Mr. E., on the 8th of April, among other expressions, he says:—"I sustained my journey from London remarkably well, and am now in the best health and spirits. Previously to the late winter, I suffered severely from cold, influenza, &c. Up to this time, April 7, I have not had the slightest cold, or anything of the kind. This astonishing change can only be attributed to the improvement of my general health, through the treatment adopted. I deeply deplore my leaving town; could I have continued twelve months longer, I firmly believe my figure would have been, comparatively, straight."

MADemoiselle DE KEROUAILLE, Duchess OF PORTSMOUTH.

This lady, one of the favourites of Charles II, in the midst of her exaltation was exposed to many annoyances. The extravagance of the king and his mistresses had disgusted the nation, and the coarsest affronts were from time to time offered to those beauties who were under the king's protection, and whose careless and dissipated habits were believed to add largely to the burdens of the people. Nell Gwyn, who, it was said, at first claimed but £500 per annum, according to the duke of Buckingham, in the course of four years received from her paramour no less than £60,000. The back parlour of her dwelling, in what was then called Pall Mall, but which has now become part of St. James's-square, remained in its original state a century ago. It was in the first good house on the left-hand going out of Pall Mall, and was entirely lined with looking-glass, ceiling and all.

The duchess of Portsmouth was very much annoyed by the favour which Nell enjoyed. The latter ridiculed her for pretending

to be of a high family in France, and for putting on mourning when any person of consequence connected with the French court died. "If," said she, "she be a lady of such quality, why does she demean herself to be a courtesan? She ought to die with shame. As for me, it is my profession. I do not pretend to be anything better."

In those days there were highwaymen who became celebrated. The ministers of justice were so slow to punish, that some of them had an extended career. One of this class, known to the public as "Old Mobb," was guilty of one outrage towards the duchess, which, in the eyes of many, nobly atoned for much that had been laid to his charge. Meeting her grace in her carriage, between Newmarket and London, but slenderly attended, he authoritatively ordered her coachman to stop. The lady expected, by the dignity of her manner, to awe the freebooter; and when he demanded her watch, her money, and her jewels, she, who had been accustomed to control a king of England, proudly demanded if he knew who she was?

Nothing daunted by her fearless bearing, "Know you?" Mobb replied, "yes, I do know you. I know you to be the greatest jade in England. Courtiers depend upon your smile, the king is your slave; but what of all that? You are paid by the people, and I must be paid by you. A gentleman collector on the road, like myself, is a greater man here, a much more absolute monarch, than his majesty is at court; you may report, madam, that Mobb the highwayman has dared to command where king Charles has often been a suppliant."

The duchess attempted a frown of disdain, and ventured to threaten, but was cut short by the robber.

"No speeches," said he; "here I tell you, I am king, but I do not want to touch you, having a lady of your class to attend to, who requires pay from me, as you do from the king."

From words he proceeded to action, and assailed her pockets so unceremoniously, that being apprehensive of some more startling outrage the lady ceased to resist, and submitted to be robbed of all she had about her. The highwayman obtained a rich booty; two hundred pounds in cash, a gold watch, two diamond rings, and a splendid necklace, the recent gift of her royal lover, rewarded his daring.

HENRICH ZCHOKKE.

The autobiography of this German writer in "The Foreign Library" presents many points of interest. His "Hours of

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Devotions" are spread over Germany as the "Family Devotions," embracing the writings of Sturm, and other eminent German Christians, have been circulated over England. The publisher of the latter, Mr. Tallis, will perhaps say with the German author: "The educated classes are supplied, even to repletion, with useful and useless entertainment of this kind. For them roses and lilies grow in profusion in the muses' garden; for the uneducated, scarce a few wild flowers. Art seeks money and fame, and therefore troubles herself little about the poor, that is, the majority in every nation, which has neither one nor the other to bestow."

Be this as it may—he appears to have been a most kind-hearted man. Finding himself appointed inspector of convents, he had to examine one young creature, who had little taste for being cut off from the world in her bloom. Her touching story is thus related:—

"The novice, a girl in the bloom of youth, made her appearance, blushing and turning pale alternately, at the grate. With downcast eyes, bashfully and stammering, she made known her wishes. I know not what demon put it into my head to indulge in my answer in some of those unmeaning gallantries which in the ordinary world are addressed without any sin to the youthful part of the sex. 'I cannot but regret,' said I, 'that you have chosen me for so cruel a service; that it must be through my instrumentality that so much loveliness is lost in a gloomy cell. How is it that you long so early for cloistered solitude, whose darker side you can hardly see in the true point of view, and wish to bid the world an eternal farewell—a world still so new to you, and in which, perhaps, for your sake, some true heart is hopelessly breaking?' While I was thus speaking the young novice turned pale, the muscles of her face were convulsed, her fingers clutched at the grate, and she burst into an agony of tears. I was frightened, and beckoned to the nuns in the background to come and take the poor girl away. I took care, however, not to listen very seriously afterwards to the entreaties of the pretty world-renouncer. Four years afterwards (in 1837), when I was again a member of the federal diet at Lucerne, happening one day, as I was walking with the Landammann and ambassador from Zug, to remember the novice, I inquired what had become of her. 'Oh, the nun?' cried he; 'she is married happily, and is a happy mother.'"

His unaffected narrative discloses some remarkable facts. In one instance he witnesses, at Einsiedlen, great distress from the cessation of pilgrimages. He explains the causes. They must indeed be hard-

hearted who will not feel for the distress of rosary contrivers and Holy Virgin makers:—

"Here the inhabitants, formerly innkeepers, rosary makers, beggars, and small shopkeepers, had lost their livelihood by the stopping of the pilgrimages, while they had been plundered of all their savings by the soldiers. The abbey stood deserted; the interior of the temple was plundered and desecrated. The members of the municipality, headed by Mienrad Ochsner, a Capuchin, but to my astonishment, an enthusiast for Kant's philosophy, led me into the sanctuary. Here I saw the marble chapel of St. Meinradus, which four years ago I had approached upon my knees, torn down with ruthless Vandalism, so that even the beams of the church roof itself were loosened and injured. Ornaments and effigies of saints and angels lay scattered in fragments on the floor, or, hung in their places, were mutilated wrecks. I ordered the immediate clearance and repair as far as possible of the beautiful sanctuary, and that the site of the destroyed chapel should be covered at least by an altar. But I knew not how to perform the important duty of restoring prosperity to the destitute village. 'The most simple and effectual means,' said my companion, 'would doubtless be the restoration of the miraculous image of the Mother of God to the altar. Pilgrimages would then again take place, and the inhabitants be restored to their means of livelihood.' 'But the miraculous image,' I replied, 'has been carried off by the French to Paris; or, as some assert, has eloped with the abbot into the Tyrol.' 'Both are true,' was the answer 'yet the Mother of God is still present at Einsiedlen.' 'What! present in the Tyrol, at Paris, and at Einsiedlen, at one and at the same time!' I exclaimed. 'Convince me of the truth of this miracle, and no good Catholic shall henceforth believe more firmly in the omnipresence of the Blessed Virgin than I!' Upon this they led me into a narrow sacristy, before an old locked-up chest. They opened it, and I saw a row of dolls of exactly the same size, lying side by side, each with the same bright black face, as if blackened by the smoke of the eternal lamps. Each of these representatives of the Queen of Heaven wore a broad, full robe, which gave her a pyramidal shape; but each was decorated with different ornaments and jewels. I now learnt that the image of the Holy Virgin had to be presented for the worship of the people in a different costume every holiday; and that, in order to spare any trouble at her toilet, a number of dolls were kept ready dressed, and substituted, as convenient, one for another."

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "*Student's French Grammar*," translator of Hugo's "*Rhine*," Soulié's "*Marguerite*," &c.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

CHAPTER V.—(continued.)

"Look at those two charming young ladies that have just come out of the carriage, how much they are alike."

"They are twins, no doubt. Poor girls, they are dressed in mourning, perhaps they have lost their father or mother; they appear as if they were coming this way."

Rose and Blanche indeed soon entered the ante-chamber, with a timid and anxious look.

One of the men who had held the above dialogue, advanced towards the young girls, and said, "Do you want anything, Mesdemoiselles?"

"Is not this, sir, the infirmary of the Rue Mont Blanc?" inquired Rose.

"Yes, Mesdemoiselles."

"A lady, named Madame Augustine de Tremblay, was, we have been told, brought here two days ago. Could we see her?"

"I must observe to you that it is dangerous to go among the patients."

"It is a dear friend whom we wish to see," replied Rose.

"I do not know, Mademoiselle, whether the person you are in search of is here, but if you go into the apartment on the left, you will find good Sister Martha, who will give you all the information you require."

"Thank you, sir," said Blanche, bending gracefully, and she and her sister proceeded to the place to which they were directed.

"It would," said the other, "be a great pity if—"

Here he was interrupted by a loud tumult, which proceeded from an adjoining apartment; almost at the same moment a number of patients, in the utmost terror, rushed into the ante-chamber, crying, "Help! help! help!"

It is impossible to describe the desperate and furious struggle which now ensued at the door of the ante-chamber, among the terrified persons, who were endeavouring to escape from the object of their dread; there they were, struggling, fighting, and trampling each other under foot, in endeavouring to make their way through that narrow outlet.

When the last of these unfortunate creatures had reached the door, Morok, the cause of all the terror, made his appearance. He was frightful to look on; a strip of blanket was girded round his

loins, his lacerated frame was naked, and round his legs were still seen the remains of the fetters he had just broken; his thick yellow hair stood erect; his red eyes, rolling wildly in their sockets, were illumined with a glassy brightness; the foam was at his mouth, and from time to time he uttered a hoarse guttural cry; the veins of his iron limbs were swollen as if they would burst, and he bounded by starts like a wild beast, in extending before him his contracted and bony fingers. When he had nearly reached the door, both it and the one communicating with the other apartments suddenly closed, and thus Morok found himself a prisoner; he ran to the window to break it, and then to throw himself into the yard; but, suddenly stopping, he recoiled at the brightness of the glass, being seized with the invincible horror which every one afflicted with hydrophobia experiences at the sight of shining objects. The sufferers who had made their escape were now collected in the yard, and were watching him through the windows, as he exhausted himself in furious efforts to open the doors that had been closed upon him. Finding at length the inutility of his endeavours, he uttered a wild cry, and ran rapidly round the room, like a wild animal seeking, in vain, an outlet from his cage. The spectators raised a sudden cry of anguish and fear. Morok had just discovered the little door which led to Martha's apartment, where Rose and Blanche had entered a few minutes before. Hoping to get out through this passage, Morok pulled violently at the handle of the door, and succeeded in partly opening it, in spite of the resistance that was offered him. For a moment the terrified crowd saw Martha and the orphans holding the door with all their might.

CHAPTER VI.—HYDROPHOBIA.

When the patients assembled in the yard saw the fury of Morok's attempts to open the door of the chamber in which were Sister Martha and the orphans, their terror was redoubled.

"Martha is lost!" cried they with horror.

"The door is yielding!"

"There is no other way out of the room."

"There are two young girls in mourning with her."

"We cannot leave these poor women in the hands of this madman! follow me, my friends," said one of the spectators, running in the direction of the ante-chamber.

"It is too late,—you would incur danger in vain," said several persons, forcibly detaining him.

"Here is the Abbé Gabriel," cried several voices.

The young priest had been engaged with

a dying woman in an adjoining apartment, and had just heard of Morok's escape. Foreseeing the danger which might result from the latter circumstance, Gabriel, consulting only his courage, hastened to the ante-chamber, in the hope of preventing further mischief. At his desire, a person followed him, holding a chafing-dish filled with burning coal, in the midst of which were several red-hot irons, used by the doctors for cauterizing in desperate cases of the cholera. The countenance of Gabriel was pale; but calm intrepidity was seated on his noble brow.

"Are your irons red hot?" said Gabriel to his attendant.

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé."

"Hold yourself in readiness then, and do not come in till I call."

Gabriel then entered the ante-chamber, and closed the door after him. He was now alone with Morok, who, with an effort of the utmost fury, had almost succeeded in opening the door, which Martha and the orphans were holding in a state of agony and despair. At the noise of Gabriel's footsteps, Morok turned quickly about, and, uttering a howling noise, he, with one bound, precipitated himself on the young missionary. During this time, Martha and the orphans, ignorant of the cause of their aggressor's sudden retreat, profited from this respite, by bolting the door, and thus sheltered themselves from further attack. Morok, with haggard eye and teeth convulsively clenched, had rushed at Gabriel with extended hands, in order to seize him by the throat; but the missionary, having quickly divined the intention of his adversary, seized his hands, and held them with a firm grasp. For a moment, Morok and Gabriel, mute and motionless, stood looking at each other; suddenly the beast-tamer seemed to grow faint, his legs bent under him, his head drooped on his shoulder, and his eyes closed; the missionary, thinking that a momentary weakness was succeeding the madman's fit of rage, relaxed his hold, in order to aid him. Morok, having freed himself by means of this stratagem, rushed on Gabriel; who, surprised at this sudden attack, stumbled and felt himself enclosed in the iron grasp of the madman. Redoubling, however, his energy, the missionary, with a vigorous effort, succeeded in overturning his adversary, and in again seizing his hands; while, with his knee upon him, he held him almost motionless. Gabriel, having thus completely mastered him, turned his head to call for help, when Morok, by a desperate effort, rose up and seized between his teeth the missionary's left arm. At this horrid bite, Gabriel could not restrain a cry of pain and terror; he strove to free himself, but in vain; for his arm was held by the

convulsive jaws of Morok, as in a vice. This frightful scene had lasted less time than is required to describe it, when several persons, hearing from the patients the dangerous situation of the young priest, suddenly rushed in to his aid; and Morok, in spite of his desperate resistance, was soon secured. Gabriel then arose, tore off the sleeve of his cassock, bared his arm, and, taking one of the red-hot irons from the chafing-dish, applied it to his wound with an heroic calmness, which struck the spectators with admiration; but soon overcome by the inevitable reaction of the nervous emotions he had so bravely resisted, he fainted, and was conveyed into an adjoining apartment to receive assistance.

Shortly after the dreadful scene we have described, Rose and Blanche, accompanied by sister Martha, entered a large apartment, which contained a number of women who had been suddenly seized with the cholera. The orphans having asked Sister Martha if Madame Augustine de Tremblay had been brought to that asylum within the last three days, she replied, she did not know; but that by going round the women's apartment, they could easily ascertain if the person they were looking for was there. The daughters of Marshal Simon had, when in exile and during their long journey with Dagobert, been exposed to many rude trials; but they had never witnessed such a spectacle as that which now presented itself to their eyes. The long rows of beds, where so many creatures lay, some writhing and moaning with pain, others delirious with fever, calling on those from whom death was about to separate them. This frightful spectacle must inevitably, according to the execrable foresight of Rodin and his accomplices, produce a fatal effect on the two young girls. Imagine to yourself the sisters coming in the midst of this dreadful scene, still frightfully agitated by the terror that Morok had inspired, and commencing their melancholy search among the unfortunate beings whose sufferings and death reminded them, every instant, of the sufferings and death of their mother! For a moment Rose and Blanche, at the sight of this dismal spectacle, felt their resolution give way; a gloomy presentiment made them regret their heroic imprudence; and they began to feel a cold, feverish tremor; but, attributing this to the terror which Morok had caused them, all that was good and courageous in their hearts soon allayed their fears; they exchanged with each other a tender look; their courage was re-animated, and they commenced their painful search, Rose on one side of the partition that separated the apartment, and Blanche on the other.

When Gabriel had recovered his senses, and had had his wound bound up, he returned to the women's apartment; for it was there that he was giving pious consolation to a dying female, when he was informed of Morok's escape. A few minutes before the entrance of Gabriel, Rose and Blanche had finished their search, but had not yet rejoined each other. Their steps became gradually feeble, and they were obliged to support themselves by taking hold of the beds as they proceeded on their way. Alas! the orphans had just been seized, almost at the same moment, with the frightful symptoms of the cholera. Separated by the partition which divided the apartment, they could not then see each other; but, when they met, a painful scene ensued.

CHAPTER VII.—THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

A livid paleness had succeeded the charming bloom in the countenances of Rose and Blanche; their large blue eyes began to sink in their sockets; their vermilion lips were already overspread with a violet hue, like that which was gradually replacing the roseate clearness of their cheeks. You would have said that the freshness of their beautiful faces was fading away under the chilling blast of death.

When the sisters met, fainting and scarcely able to stand, they rushed into each other's arms, and burst into tears. Then Blanche exclaimed:

"My God! how pale you are, Rose!"

"So are you, sister!"

"Do you also feel a cold shivering?"

"Yes, and my sight is growing dim."

"Perhaps, sister, we are going to die!"

"If it only be together!"

"And our poor father!"

"And Dagobert!"

"Sister, our dream was true!" cried Rose, almost delirious, throwing her arms round Blanche's neck. "Look—look—the angel Gabriel is coming to seek us!"

Gabriel in fact had just entered the saloon.

"Heavens! what do I see?—the daughters of Marshal Simon," cried the young priest; and rushing toward the orphans, he received them in his arms. They were no longer able to stand; already their drooping heads, their sinking eyes, and their difficult breathing, announced the approach of death. Aided by Sister Martha, Gabriel carried them to the bed reserved for the doctor. There, during a nervous paroxysm, their hands became so firmly clasped, that they could not be disjoined. Gabriel stood at the bedside, looking at them with inexpressible sorrow. He was thinking of the strangeness of fate, that had brought him to witness the

death of these two girls, his relations, whom, a few months before, he had saved from the horrors of the tempest. In spite of his firmness, he could not prevent himself from shuddering, when he reflected on the destiny of the orphans, on the death of Jacques Rennepont, and on the fearful intrigue which, after having cast M. Hardy into the cloistral solitude of St. Herem, had, almost in his dying moments, made him a member of the society of Jesuits. He said to himself, "Already have four members of the Rennepont family—my own family—been successively struck by a concurrence of fatal circumstances." He asked himself with fear, how the interests of the sons of Loyola were aided by this providential calamity? But, if he had known the part which Rodin and his accomplices had acted, his astonishment would have given place to the deepest horror.

Rose and Blanche becoming more and more delirious, fixed their gaze on the angelic countenance of Gabriel.

"Sister," said Rose, in a feeble voice, "do you see the archangel—as in our dream—in Germany?"

"Yes, he is come to seek us."

"Will our death save our poor mother from purgatory?"

"Holy archangel, pray to God for us and for our mother."

Gabriel, who hitherto had not been able to utter a word, now cried:

"My dear children, why should you doubt your mother's salvation? Never has a holier and a purer being returned to the Creator. Believe me, God has blessed her."

"O sister," cried Rose, "God has blessed our mother."

"Yes, yes," replied Gabriel. "Banish such thoughts, poor children. Take courage; you are not going to die. Think of your father."

"Alas!" said Blanche, "he will not find us on his return. Tell him that the last thoughts of his dying children were of him."

"And ask Dagobert to pardon us for the sorrow we have caused him."

"Oh! it is frightful! so young, and no hope of saving them!" said Gabriel. "Thy ways are impenetrable, oh Lord! Alas! why strike these children with so cruel a death?"

Rose heaved a deep sigh, and said in a weak voice:

"Let us be buried together, that we may in death, as in life, be together."

The sisters here turned their dying eyes on Gabriel.

"Oh! holy martyrs of the most generous devotedness," cried the missionary, raising his weeping eyes to heaven. "Angelic

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beings! jewels of candour and innocence!—return, return to heaven! since, alas! God calls you to Him, as if the earth were unworthy of you!”

“Sister!—father!”—exclaimed the orphans. Then with a last instinctive movement they seemed to wish to press against each other; their heavy eyelids became partly raised, as if to exchange another look; they shuddered twice or thrice; and then a deep sigh escaped from their lips.

Rose and Blanche were dead!

Gabriel and Sister Martha knelt down to pray.

Suddenly a tumult was heard, and Dagobert, pale and agitated, entered the saloon. At the sight of Gabriel and Martha kneeling beside the bodies of his children, the soldier uttered a fearful cry, fell backward, and his grey head rebounded on the floor.

It is night—dark and stormy. One o’clock has just struck by the church-clock of Montmartre. Through the dark shadow which envelopes the field of the dead, is seen straying a faint light. It is the grave-digger. He is cautiously walking with a lantern in his hand, accompanied by a man wrapped in a mantle, who is shedding tears. This is Samuel, the guardian of the house in the Rue St. Francis. On the night of the funeral of Jacques Rennepont, who was buried in a different cemetery, Samuel went also there, and conversed secretly with the grave-digger to obtain, for gold, a favour strange and fearful! After having traversed many paths bordered with cypresses, and walked over many graves, the Jew and the grave-digger reached a small glade, situated near the western wall of the cemetery.

“There it is,” said the grave-digger, pointing to some newly-raised earth at the foot of a large yew-tree.

“Are you sure of it?”

“Yes, yes, two bodies in one coffin; that is not met with every day. And now that you know the place, what else do you want?”

Samuel, without replying, knelt down and piously kissed the earth which covered the grave; then he arose, his face bathed with tears, and whispered something in the ear of the grave-digger,—whispered, although they were by themselves in that lone cemetery.

Then commenced between these two men, enveloped in the shadow and silence of night, a mysterious conversation. The grave-digger, frightened at the request of Samuel, at first refused; but the Jew, employing by turns persuasion and entreaty, at last added the seduction of gold, which appeared to vanquish his scruples; although he shook as he said to Samuel in an agitated voice,

“To-morrow night, at two o’clock.”

“I shall be behind the wall,” replied Samuel, “and shall throw three stones into the cemetery.”

“That shall be the signal,” said the grave-digger, wiping off the cold sweat which stood on his brow.

Samuel mounted the wall and then disappeared; and the grave-digger hurried home, looking behind from time to time as if he had been pursued by some sinister vision.

On the evening that Rose and Blanche were buried, Rodin wrote two notes. The first, addressed to his mysterious correspondent at Rome, mentioned the deaths of Jacques Rennepont and Rose and Blanche Simon, the inveigling of M. Hardy, and the donation of Gabriel; events which reduced the number of the heirs to two—Adrienne and Djalma. This note contained only the following words:

“Whoever takes five from seven leaves—two.”

“Acquaint the Cardinal with this result; and let him proceed, for I am advancing—advancing—advancing.”

The second note was addressed to Marshal Simon, and ran thus:

“Return—your daughters are dead. You will hear who has killed them.”

CHAPTER VIII.—RUIN.

It is the day after the death of Marshal Simon’s daughters. Adrienne is still ignorant of the unfortunate end of her young relations; her countenance is beaming with happiness; she never appeared more beautiful; never were her eyes more brilliant; never was her skin of a more dazzling whiteness; and never did her lips display their coral richness to greater advantage. In accordance with her rather eccentric and picturesque manner of dressing herself, she has on a pale green gown with ample skirts; the sleeves and bodice are abundantly trimmed with pink; lace of exquisite delicacy and a light net-work of pearls conceal the thick knot of hair twisted at the back of her head, and form an oriental headdress of charming originality, which well accords with the long ringlets that encircle her face, and nearly reach her swelling bosom. To the ineffable expression of happiness which beams from Adrienne’s countenance, is joined a resolute, bantering, and caustic air, which is not habitual to her; her charming head seems to raise itself now more proudly on her graceful, swan-like neck; her nostrils appear as if dilated with ill-suppressed ardour, and she seems waiting with haughty impatience for the moment of an aggressive and ironical strug-

gle. The Mayeux is at a little distance from Adrienne; she has resumed in the house the place which she formerly occupied; she is in mourning for her sister; a mild and pensive sadness is expressed on her countenance, and she is looking at Adrienne with surprise, for she has never before seen that expression of boldness and irony which she now sees on the countenance of the beautiful patrician. Adrienne had not the slightest coquetry, in the vulgar sense of the word; yet she threw an inquiring glance in the glass before which she was standing; then, after having restored its elastic suppleness to one of her long golden ringlets, by twining it round her ivory finger, she smoothed out with her hand some imperceptible folds, which the puckering of the thick material of her dress had formed round her elegant shape. This movement, and that which she made in partly turning her back to the glass, to see if her gown was properly adjusted, revealed, by a serpentine undulation, all the voluptuous charms, all the rich treasures of that slender waist! for, notwithstanding the sculptural richness of the contour of her form and of her firm white shoulders, Adrienne was one of those favoured beings who can make a waistband of their garter. Having gracefully accomplished these charming evolutions of feminine coquetry, she turned to the Mayeux, and said, with a smiling air, "My dear Madeleine, do not laugh immoderately at my question. What would you say to a picture representing me as I now am?"

"I should say it was a charming picture."

"Do you not think I look better to-day than usual? I must tell you, dear, that it is not for myself I ask this question," added Adrienne, gaily.

"I guessed as much," replied the Mayeux, smiling. "Well, it is indeed impossible to think of a dress more becoming to you."

"I am delighted you think so, my friend," said Adrienne.

"I have never seen you look prettier," resumed the Mayeux; "nor have I ever seen on your countenance before, that resolute, ironical expression, which I saw just now; it was like an air of impatient defiance."

"You are right, my dear Madeleine," said Adrienne, throwing her arms with joyous tenderness round the neck of the Mayeux; "I must embrace you for having so well divined my feelings; the reason why I have this aggressive air is, because I expect my dear aunt."

"The Princess de St. Dizier, who has done you so much harm?"

"The same; she has asked me for an interview, and it will be a pleasure for me to receive her."

"A pleasure!"

"Yes, rather a mischievous, scoffing, ironical pleasure, I allow," gaily replied Adrienne; "only think—she regrets the loss of her amours, her beauty, her youth; even her rotundity renders her disconsolate, pious lady! and she will see me handsome, loving, beloved, and slender—above all, *slender*," added she, laughing immoderately. "Now, my dear friend, you cannot imagine the furious envy excited in a stout, middle-aged lady, of ridiculous pretensions, at the sight of a young and slender one."

"You are jesting," said the Mayeux, seriously; "and yet, I know not why, the visit of the Princess frightens me."

"Do not be alarmed," affectionately replied Adrienne. "I no longer fear this woman; and to prove this to her, and annoy her, I am going to treat her—she, a monster of wickedness and hypocrisy, who is, doubtless, coming here with some odious design—I am going to treat her as an inoffensive and ridiculous woman—in short, as a fat woman!" And Adrienne again gave way to another fit of laughter. Her immoderate gaiety was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who said to her, "The Princess de St. Dizier desires to know if Mademoiselle can receive her?"

"Certainly," said Adrienne.

The Mayeux rose to leave the apartment, but Adrienne detained her, saying, "Remain, my friend; I ask it of you as a favour. Perhaps the rare instinct of your heart may divine the real object of this visit."

The Princess now entered, with a haughty and imposing mien.

"Have the kindness to sit down, Madame," repeated Adrienne.

"The interview I have asked of you, Mademoiselle, must be secret."

"I have no secrets to keep from my best friend, Madame; therefore, you can speak before Mademoiselle."

"I have long known," replied the Princess, with bitter irony, "that you care little about secrecy, and that you are not very fastidious in the choice of those whom you call your friends; but you will permit me to act otherwise; I do not wish to make a confidant of the first person that comes." And she again glanced disdainfully at the Mayeux.

The latter, hurt at the insolent tone of the Princess, mildly replied, "I do not yet see the humiliating difference there is between the first and the last comer, Madame."

"What! it speaks?" exclaimed the Princess.

"At least, it answers?" calmly replied the Mayeux.

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not clear, Mademoiselle?" said the devotee to her niece.

"Pardon me; I do not understand you, Madame," replied Adrienne, with an air of surprise. "Mademoiselle, who honours me with her friendship, has consented to be present at our interview; I say she has consented, for she must have a great degree of affectionate condescension to resign herself, for my sake, to hear all the kind and charming things which you have no doubt come to acquaint me with."

"But, Mademoiselle!" said the Princess, "Permit me to interrupt you, Madame," replied Adrienne, in as pleasant a tone as if she had been paying her aunt the most flattering compliments. "In order to place you at once on terms of confidence with Mademoiselle, I must inform you that she is acquainted with all the holy frauds and all the pious atrocities of which you tried to make me the victim; therefore I hope this will banish your delicate and interesting modesty."

"Indeed!" said the Princess, with a sort of angry amazement; "I know not whether I am asleep or awake."

"Oh! Madame!" replied Adrienne, with an air of alarm, "the doubt you express as to the state of your faculties is disquieting; the blood, no doubt, is flowing to your head, for your face is very red; you seem oppressed . . . perhaps . . . there are no males here . . . perhaps you are too tight-laced, Madame?"

The Princess became the colour of crimson; and she said, in sitting down, abruptly, "Well, Mademoiselle, I prefer this reception to any other; it places me at my ease; on terms of confidence, as you say."

"Just so, Madame," replied Adrienne, smiling; "we can at least frankly say what we have on our minds; this for you must have the charm of novelty; therefore, between ourselves, you will acknowledge that you are indebted to me for enabling you to take off, for a moment, that troublesome mask of kindness and devotion which must weigh so heavily on you."

"A thousand thanks, Mademoiselle, for your excellent sentiments and intentions toward me; I appreciate them as I ought, and I hope, without further delay, to prove this to you."

"Go on then; go on, Madame; I am both eager and curious to hear you."

"And yet," said the Princess bitterly, "you are far from guessing what I am going to tell you."

"Indeed! I am afraid, Madame, that your candour and modesty misled you," replied Adrienne, sarcastically, "for there are few things that I am not prepared to expect from you, Madame."

"Perhaps, Mademoiselle. Suppose, for example, I were to tell you, that in twenty-

four hours' time you would be reduced to poverty!"

This was so unexpected, that both Adrienne and the Mayeux started with surprise.

"Ah! Mademoiselle!" said the Princess, with a triumphant air, on observing the astonishment of her niece, "acknowledge that I have surprised you."

"Well, Madame, I frankly confess I am surprised, for I expected one of those acts of base malice, in which you excel. How could I expect you would make so great a display about such a trifle!"

"To be ruined—completely ruined! You, so lavish!—To see yourself deprived not only of your income, but of your hotel, your furniture, your horses, your jewels—everything, in short, even to that ridiculous attire of which you appear so vain—you call a trifle!"

Adrienne was about to reply; when the door was opened, and Djalmá entered, without being announced. At the sight of the Prince, a proud expression of tenderness shone on the radiant countenance of Adrienne; and it would be impossible to describe the scornful look of triumphant happiness which she cast on Madame de St. Dixier, who could not conceal her astonishment at the arrival of the Indian.

(To be continued.)

THE GOOD DEATH MIGHT DO.

If Death would come to show his face

As he dare show his power,

And sit at every rich man's place

Both every day and hour,

He would amaze them every one

To see him standing there,

And wish that soon he would be gone

From all their dwellings fair.

Or, if that Death would take the pains

To go to the water-side,

Where merchants purchase golden gains

To prank them up in pride,

And bid them think upon the poor,

Or else "I'll see you soon,"

There would be given then at their door

Good alms both night and noon.

If Death would take his daily course

Where tradesmen sell their ware,

His welcome, sure, would be more worse

Than those of monies bare:

It would fright them for to see

His lean and hollow looks,

If Death would say, "Come, show to me

My reckoning in your books."

If Death would through the markets trace

Where Conscience used to dwell,

And take but there a huckster's place,

He might do wondrous well:

High prices would abated be,

And nothing found too dear;

When Death should call "Come buy of me!"

"Twould put them all in fear.

(From the Roseburgh Collection of Ballads.)

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR, AND ITS TRIUMPHS.

We have lately had occasion to speak of the monstrous folly which years after the glories of war. We cannot better support our argument than by referring to what was formerly put forth on the subject of the seven years' war, which raged from 1756 to 1763, originated about a wilderness tract claimed by the English in North America, and has often been called "*a strife about so many acres of snow*." Hostility soon spread over great part of Europe, and in some of the districts of Germany the work of destruction was so complete, that many opulent families, having lost every thing, were compelled to subsist by eating grass. The Grand Seignor invited the European ministers at his court to attend a conference, and after telling them of the abhorrence he felt at the bloody wars then raging between so many christian nations, offered his mediation for effecting a general peace. This offer was rejected, and hostilities were continued—till poverty brought peace. The slaughter of the allies and opponents in this dreadful contest, was little less than 800,000 men! This war was said to have been the most fortunate that England was ever engaged in—one hundred ships of war were destroyed or taken from the enemy, and twelve millions sterling acquired in prize-money. But these successes cost the nation 250,000 human lives, and upwards of one hundred and eleven millions sterling! It was during this war, on one of the public fast-days appointed by authority to pray for victory, that a clergyman who held it wrong to beat the "drum ecclesiastic," delivered the following remarkable address to his congregation, a copy whereof has probably been preserved amongst the papers of one of his hearers, viz.:

"When the workings of bad passions are swelled to their height by mutual animosity and opposition, war ensues. War is a state in which our feelings and our duties suffer a total and strange inversion—a state in which it becomes our business to hurt and annoy our neighbour by every possible means: instead of cultivating, to destroy; instead of building, to pull down; instead of peopling, to depopulate—a state in which we drink the tears and feed upon the miseries of our fellow-creatures. Such a state, therefore, requires the extremest necessity to justify it: it ought not to be the common and usual state of society. As both parties cannot be right, there is also an equal chance, at least, of either of them being in the wrong; but as both parties may be to blame, and most commonly are, the chance is very great indeed against its being entered into from an adequate cause; yet war may be said to be, with regard to

nations, the sin which most easily besets them.

"We, my friends, in common with other nations, have much guilt to repent of from this cause, and it ought to make a large part of our humiliation in this day. When we carry our eyes back through the long records of our history, we see wars of plunder, wars of conquest, wars of religion, wars of pride, wars of succession, wars of idle speculation, wars of unjust interference; and hardly among them one war of self-defence, in any of our essential or very important interests.

"Of late years, indeed, we have known none of the calamities of war in our own country, but the wasteful expense of it; and, sitting aloof from those circumstances of provocation, which in some measure might seem to excuse its fury, we have calmly voted slaughter and merchandised destruction—so much blood and tears for so many rupees, or dollars, or ingots. Our wars have been wars of cool calculating interests, as free from hatred as from love of mankind; the passions which stir the blood have had no share in them. We devote a certain number of men to perish on land and sea, and the rest of us sleep sound and protected in our usual occupations, and talk of the events of war as what diversifies the flat uniformity of life. We should, therefore, do well to translate the word *war* into language more intelligible to us. When we pay our army and our navy estimates, let us set down so much for killing—so much for maiming—so much for making widows and orphans—so much for bringing famine upon a district—so much for corrupting citizens and subjects into spies and traitors—so much for ruining industrious tradesmen, and making bankrupts (of that species of distress, at least, we can form an idea)—so much for letting loose fury, rapine, and lust, within the folds of cultivated society, and giving to the brutal ferocity of the most ferocious its full scope and invention. We shall by this means know what we have paid our money for, whether we have made a good bargain, and whether the account is likely to pass—elsewhere.

"We must take in, too, all those concomitant circumstances which make war, considered as a battle, the least part of itself *parvo minima sui*. We must fix our eyes, not on the hero returning from conquest, nor yet on the gallant officer dying in the bed of honour—the subject of picture and of song; but on the private soldier, forced into the service, exhausted by camp-sickness and fatigue, pale, emaciated, crawling to an hospital, with the prospect of life—perhaps a long life—blasted, useless, and suffering. We must think of the uncounted tears of her who weeps alone,

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because the only being who shared her sentiments is taken from her; no martial music sounds in unison with her feelings; the long day passes, and he returns not. She does not shed her sorrows over his grave, for she has never learnt whether he had one. If he had returned, his exertions would not have been remembered individually; for he only made a small imperceptible part of a human machine, called a regiment.

"We must take in the long sickness which no glory soothes, occasioned by distress of mind, anxiety, and ruined fortunes. These are no fancy pictures, and if you please to heighten them, you can every one of you do it for yourselves. We must take in the consequences, felt perhaps for ages, before a country which has been completely desolated lifts its head again—like a torrent of lava, its worst mischief is not the first overwhelming ruin of towers and palaces, but the long sterility to which it condemns the tract it has covered with its stream.

"Add to these, the danger to regular governments, which are changed by war, sometimes to anarchy, and sometimes to despotism; and then let us think, when a general performing these exploits is saluted with 'Well done, good and faithful servant'—whether the plaudit is likely to be echoed in another place."

PRETENDED LIKENESSES OF THE SAVIOUR.

In the middle ages the priests seem on a sudden to have discovered that the fine arts might be rendered available to them, as in our day it has been found that pictorial illustrations may serve a weekly journal. They used the pencil to produce a delineation of the features of the Saviour, affirmed to have been made by his own hand, and presented as a memorial to Abgarus, king of Edessa, one of his early converts. The story is related by Eusebius, and descriptions of the divine relic are to be found in Reliquins and Chiffetius—the one an opponent, the other an advocate of the miracle. The effect of this discovery was at once satisfactory and triumphant, but its success quickly induced a number of imitators. It was discovered that the image of Edessa was not the only portrait which could boast divine origin, and others were exhibited in rapid succession, which claimed to be equally the handy work of heaven. Such were the Sudarium, or Veronica, which having been applied by Jesus to his brow when fainting under the burden of the cross, retained the impress of his features; and the Sindone or Sear-

ments, in which he had been laid in the tomb, and which bore a like impression. In addition to these, were various paintings and statues attributed to his contemporaries, Nicodemus, St. Luke, and the woman whom his touch had cured of the hæmorrhage, which equally attracted the devotion and veneration of the Church; but which, as they all differed surprisingly from each other, tended to perplex still more and more the inquiry into the veritable and undoubted portrait. A second expedient followed, which was the production of written documents to support particular images, and such we may suppose to be the celebrated letter of Lentulus to the Roman senate, in the reign of Tiberius, descriptive of the person of Christ, which is now universally admitted to be a forgery of an early date. In the mean time the opinions of the varying factions which there was no infallible standard to reconcile, were left to find their own way amongst the disciples of the Greek and Latin communion. The painters of the former, who were chiefly monks of the order of St. Basil, represented the Redeemer, almost to a man, in all the height of repulsive deformity and emaciation; whilst those of Italy, adopting the ideas of the opposite party, depicted him in all the radiance of youth and heavenly beauty. The works of the latter continued to be imitated by their successors; and the portraits of Jesus, still in use in modern Europe, since the restoration of the arts, are merely the ideas of Ambrose and Chrysostom, embodied by the pencils of Correggio, Michael Angelo, and Raphael.

The Gatherer.

Wedding Rings are derived from the classical ancients, and put upon the wedding finger from a supposed connection of a vein there with the heart. In 1659 was advertised as lost, 'a ring, which was a wedding-ring, tyed with a black ribbon, and two black little ones, with a lock of hair in it; the poesie, *United hearts, death only parts.*'

News from and at Jerusalem.—A newspaper has just been established at the holy city. Till the eye gets familiar with the journal and its contents, the title of the *Jerusalem Herald*, and its accounts of riots or sports near the sepulchre of our Lord, will to European readers appear very singular.

M. Selligrio.—This gentleman, the author of a variety of scientific applications to the purposes of trade, died lately at Paris, at the age of fifty-nine.

Burns a Plagiarist.—It is admitted that poets may "steal with decency from one another." In an old play called *Whirligig*, we find the following apostrophe to woman:—"Who would abuse your sex that knew it? O woman! were we not born for you? Should we not, then, honour you? Nursed by you, and not regard you? Made for you, and not seek you? And since we were made before you, should we not love and admire you, as the last and most perfect work of Nature? *Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.*"—Is not this more than a little like

"Her prentis hand
She tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O."

Throwing the Hatchet.—In the fourteenth century, the situation of public executioner to the city of Florence became vacant, and as it was a place of considerable emolument, there were three candidates. A day was appointed for a public display of their several abilities; the first candidate with a knife cleverly separated the head of the victim from his shoulders. He was outdone by the rapid stroke of the second, whose glittering broadsword struck terror into the hearts of the surrounding multitude. The third and least promising held in his hand a short hatchet, and when the victim was extended with his head on the fatal block, approached him, and in a low whisper inquired if he was a swift runner, and if he could swim well? On being answered in the affirmative, he desired him to spring on his feet and cross the river. The executioner then putting on a fierce look, swung his weapon round his head, but instead of making it descend on the devoted creature's neck, struck it with great force into the block! Shouts of execration rose from the crowd, and the trembling wretch, astonished at his wonderful escape, had nearly gained the opposite bank of the river before any steps were taken to pursue him. He had scarcely, however, gone ten yards on dry land, when the executioner, taking steady aim, *threw his hatchet* with such effect, that the body continued running some time after the head was off!!! From this *rather* improbable incident, the common phrase of throwing the hatchet is said to be derived.

Red Teeth.—The traveller Denham says: "At Bornou men and women colour their teeth and lips with the flowers of the goor-gee tree, and of the tobacco plant. The former I only saw once or twice; the latter is carried every day to market, beautifully arranged in large baskets. The flowers of both these plants, rubbed on the lips and teeth, give them a blood-red appearance, which is here thought a great beauty."

Dr. Grotendorf, the director of the Royal Gymnasium in Hanover, who has acquired celebrity by his researches on the arrow-headed inscriptions,—is occupied in preparing for the press an unpublished correspondence between Leibnitz and Antoine Arnaud, the famous Jansenist, who died in 1618.

Ugly Women scarce.—A gentleman well known for his whims declares that an ugly woman is not in existence. In proof of this he says: "Some years ago, I caused two advertisements to be inserted in the papers for a housekeeper; one was for a lady who should not only be competent for such an office, but qualified also for a companion, and be a woman of education and elegant manners; the other only stipulated as a *sine quâ non* that the applicant should be ugly. In answer to the former advertisement, I was overwhelmed with letters from so many accomplished elegant ladies, that I congratulated both the present age and my own country on possessing so much female excellence. But would you believe it? To the latter I received not a single reply."

Sir Peter Stranger, alias *Japhet Crook*.—Of this person we read in *Fogg's Weekly Journal*, June 12, 1731: "Thursday Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, who was some time since convicted of forging deeds of conveyance of 2000 acres of land belonging to Mr. Garbet and his wife, lying in the parish of Claxton, in the county of Essex, was brought by the keeper of the King's Bench to Charing Cross, where he stood on the pillory from twelve to one, pursuant to his sentence. The time being near expired, he was set on a chair on the pillory, when the hangman, dressed like a butcher, came to him, and with a knife, made like a gardener's pruning knife, cut off his ears, and with a pair of scissors slit both his nostrils; all which Crook bore with great patience; but at the searing (with a hot iron) his right nostril, the pain was so violent, that he got up from his chair; his left nostril was not seared, so he went from the pillory bleeding."

A Noble-minded Hebrew.—Maurice Zedekauer, the Jewish merchant of Prague, has just died. Fifty years ago, M. Zedekauer came, penniless, to Prague; and he has left behind him seven millions of florins—£700,000. In his lifetime, he devoted the larger part of his immense revenues to the encouragement of science, art, and national industry,—and to the relief of the indigent, without distinction of religion or race; and, by his will, he has bequeathed three millions of florins—£300,000—amongst the benevolent institutions of all the principal cities of Bohemia.

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